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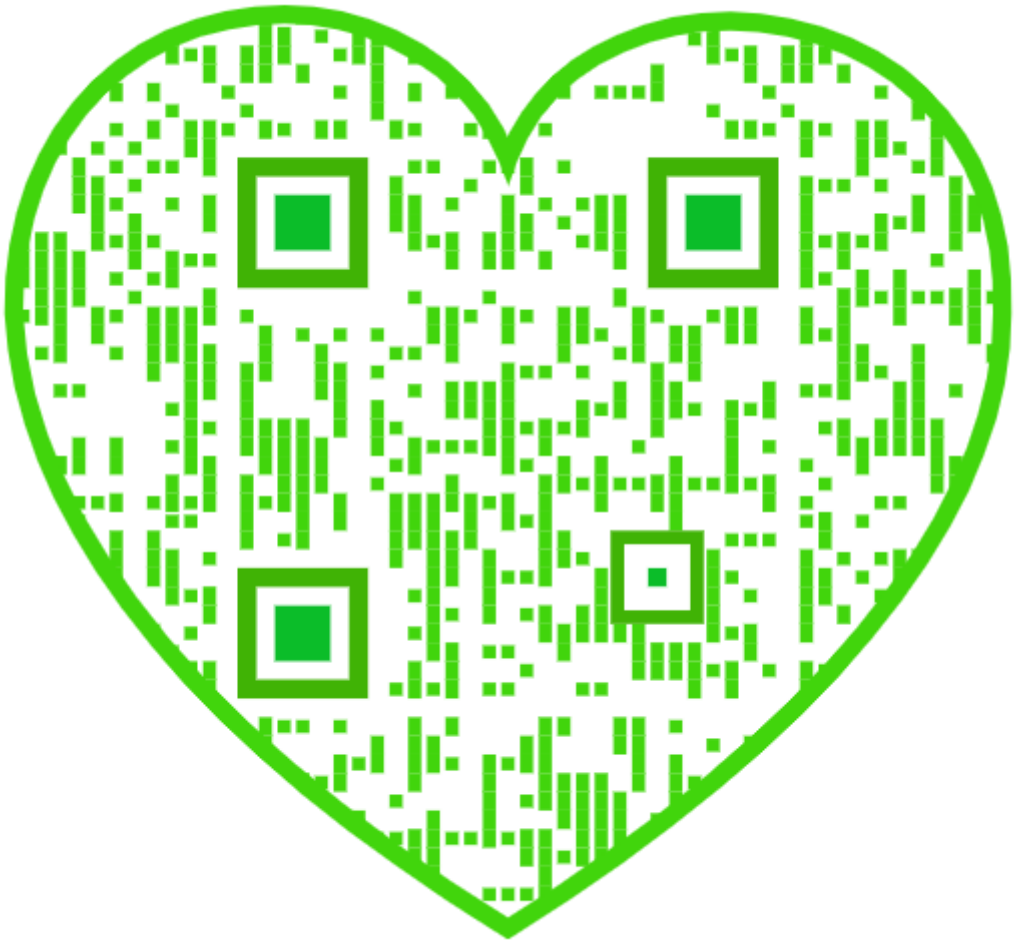

Charles Doust
Chicago

A Christmas Greeting.

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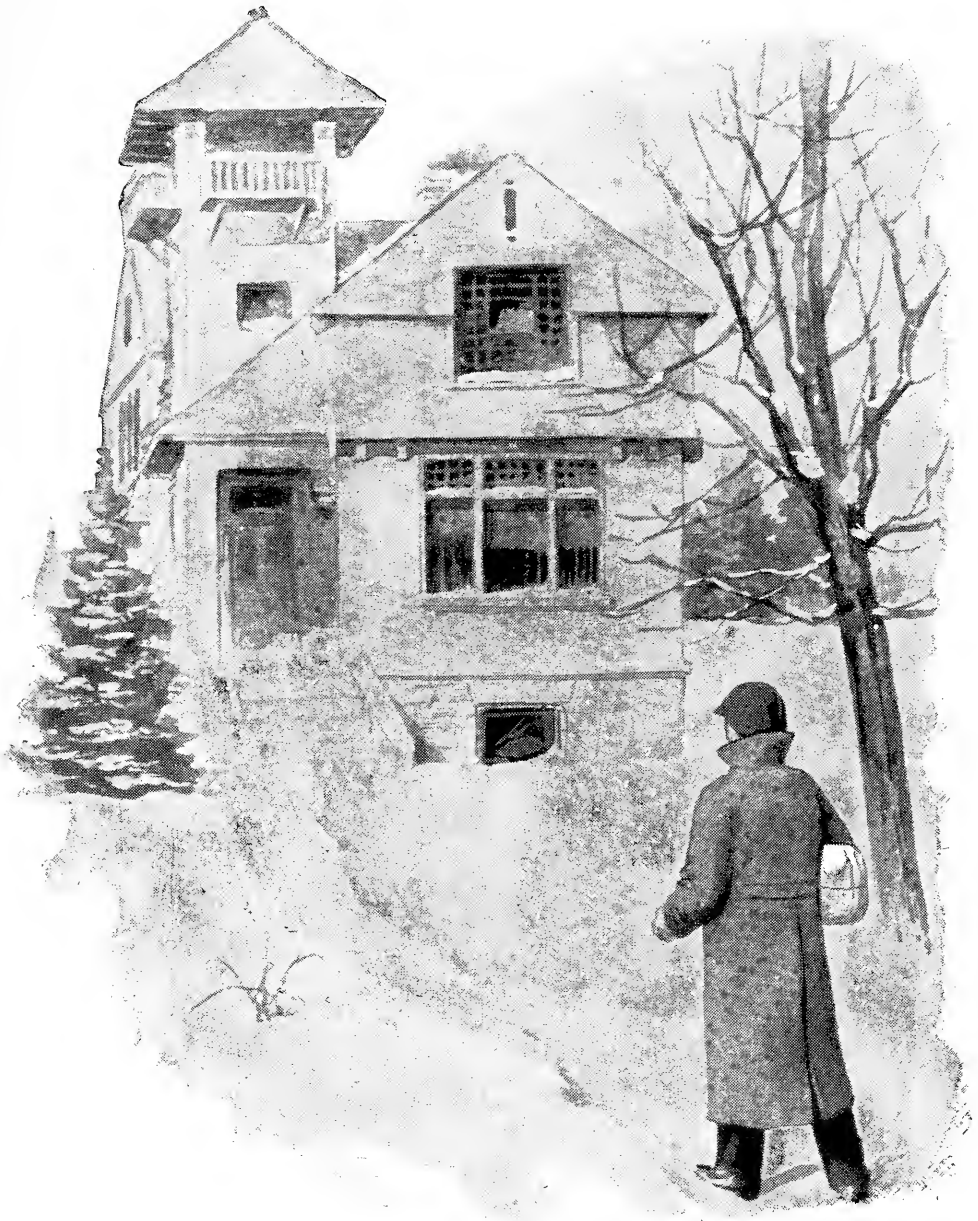
THIS is fair greeting to my friends,
To those who come and those who go,
From one who to your linen lends
The whiteness of the driven snow.

AND when the day in stillness dawns
Across the lanes on ashen wing,
And all the erstwhile blackening lawns
Under the snow are slumbering,



AY childish laughter fill each room
Through all the happy holidays,
While winter sunlight chases gloom
Back to the sunless yesterdays.

ND when the stars in beauty look
From cold untrodden fields on high,
And sparkle on the frozen brook
Which, muffled voice, goes wandering by,

AY each hearth glow with mellow light
Despite the storm-wind's minor keys,
And waxen candles glimmer bright
In the green-branching Christmas trees.

AIR greeting then with cheerful voice,
Long life and mirth and music's cheer,
And may my work your hearts rejoice
All through the onward coming year.

THE back-log's blaze and bounteous board
With treasures gathered at their prime,
Red apples, round and honey-cored
And nuts from autumn's harvest time.

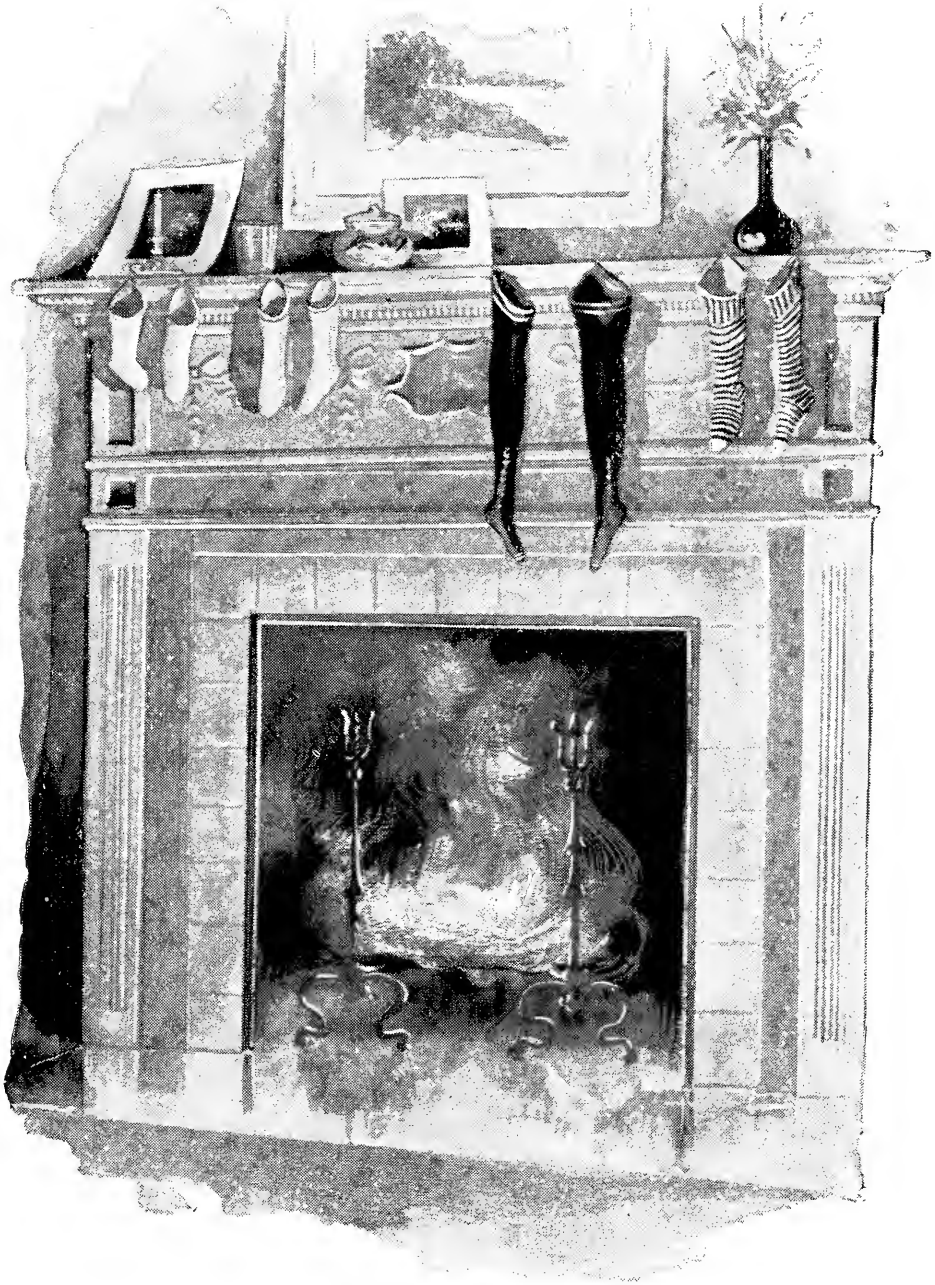
THE dance, when with his violin
The fiddler makes the rafters ring,
And bubbling through the noisy din
The kettle's sputtering echoes sing.

THE sleigh rides, with their merry peals
That jangle forth from trembling bells,
While from the hurrying horses' heels
Are spurned the roadside dips and swells.

A GREETING to the ones who find
Their chiefest joy in linen fair,
Smooth as a grape's rich bloom outlined,
And laundered with the best of care.

GREETING to the ones that youth
Half holds, half loosens, as they stand,
Like those who bid farewell to truth
Looking far back on childhood land.

ND blessings to the boys and girls,
The stockings hung on mantel rim,
And starry eyes and clustering curls
That light the Christmas wakening dim.



ND when my wagon standing waits
Beside the homes that know me best,
Greeting to those who ope the gates,
On north or south or east or west,

HEN music, light, a touch of song
A hand-clasp firm, a welcome true,
And memory's spell to bind along
The old year's graces with the new.

Laundry

ND when the new year's blessings break
Swift upon Christmas—even then,
Fair greeting for His loved sake
Peace upon earth, good will to men.

ND as these pictures you admire,
And while these lines you lightly scan
Remember at the Christmas fire
This greeting from your laundryman.

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